That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh feare not man, weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at luſtie Ioue,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Bene. Bull Ioue ſir had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleate.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.
Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why then ſhees mine, ſweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry hir.
Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero.
Hero Nothing certainer,
One Hero died defilde, but I do liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maide.
Prince The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
Frier All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.

Bene.

Bene. Why then your vncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Haue beene deceiued, they ſwore you did.
Beat. Do not you loue me?
Bene. Troth no, no more then reaſon.
Beat. Why then my coſin Margaret and Vrſula
Are much deceiu'd, for they did ſweare you did.
Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſicke for me.
Beat. They ſwore that you were welnigh dead for me.
Bene. Tis no ſuch matter, then you do not loue me.
Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come coſin, I am ſure you loue the gentleman.
Clau. And ile beſworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to Beatrice.
Hero And heres another,
Writ in my coſins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto Benedicke.
Bene. A miracle, heres our owne hands againſt our hearts: come, I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.
Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perſwaſion, and partly to ſaue your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.
Leon. Peace I will ſtop your mouth.
Prince How doſt thou Benedicke the married man?
Bene. Ile tel thee what prince: a colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour, doſt thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigramme? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him: in briefe, ſince I doe purpoſe to marrie, I will think nothing to anie purpoſe that the world can ſaie againſt it, and therfore neuer flout at me, for what I haue ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddie thing, and this is my concluſion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, liue vnbruiſde, and loue my couſen.
Clau. I had wel hopte thou wouldſt haue denied Beatrice, that I might haue cudgelld thee out of thy ſingle life, to make

thee